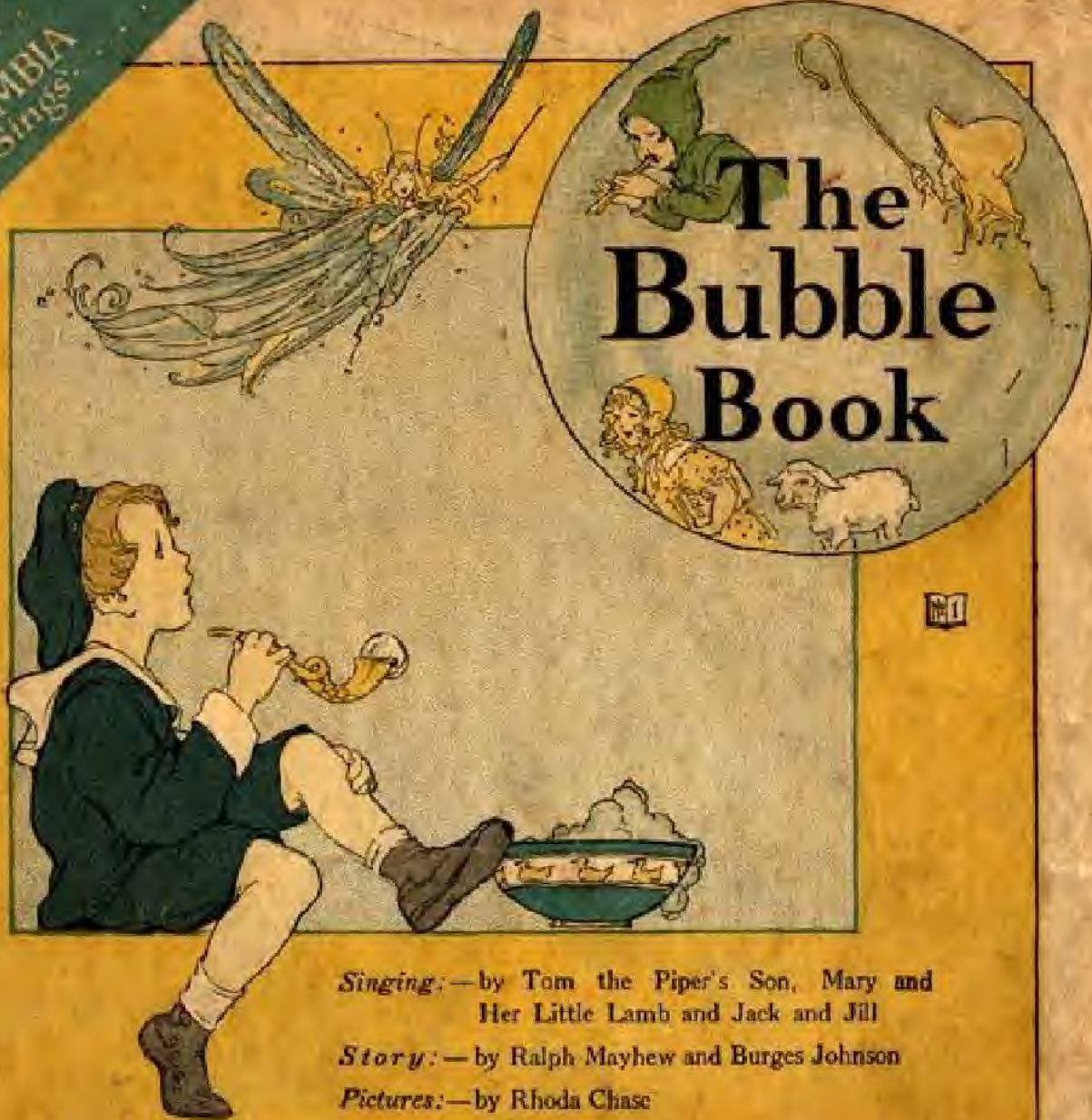


The
HARPER COLUMBIA
Book that Sings



Singing:—by Tom the Piper's Son, Mary and
Her Little Lamb and Jack and Jill

Story:—by Ralph Mayhew and Burges Johnson

Pictures:—by Rhoda Chase

The
BUBBLE BOOK

The
HARPER COLUMBIA
Book that Sings

Singing by
Tom, the Piper's Son
Mary and Her Little Lamb
Jack and Jill

Story by
Ralph Mayhew and Burges Johnson

Pictures by
Rhoda Chase

Records by
Columbia Graphophone Co.
Harper & Brothers
Publishers

1 THE BUBBLE BOOG
2 BUBBLED BUBBLE BOOGS
3 TUBED BUBBLE BOOGS
 Slipping Grooves
4 THE AXIAL BUBBLE BOOG
5 THE PEE PANTY BUBBLE BOOG
6 THE PET BUBBLE BOOG
7 THE PUNNY BUBBLE BUBBLE BOOG
8 THE HAPPYGO LUCKY BUBBLE BOOG
9 THE MERRY MIDGET BUBBLE BOOG
10 THE LITTLE MIDGET BUBBLE BOOG
11 THE TIPPY-TOE BUBBLE BOOG
12 THE GAY BANGS BUBBLE BOOG
 Slipping Grooves

The *colophon* of records for the songs in this series of "Banks that Grow" has been made only after consulting every available source. The names retained in a bold straight cut, unengraved type considered as such that the "Banks that Grow" might be paid and increased change on whatever as well as the distribution of each song.

Presented to Ralph Marston, Aug. 7, 1917.
(After patients' reading.)
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[illegible]

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A little boy sighed to himself one day:
 "There isn't anything left to play!
 I'm tired of all of my old, old toys,
 And I can't go hunt for some other boys.
 If 'Cinderella' was only true
 I'd wish for a fairy godmother, too."
 No sooner said, than a puff of smoke
 Appeared in the air—and a wee voice spoke:
 "I'm your fairy godmother, little boy;
 I've heard your plaint and I've brought a
 toy."

Then a wee little maid all gaily clad
Offered a pipe to the wond'ring lad.
"Here, boy," she said, "is a treasure rare!
The bubbles it blows into the air
Are fairy bubbles, and in them dwell
Old nursery friends that you love so well.
Old Dame Trot, and the Piper's Son,
And Jack and Jill, and many a one,
To cheer you up on your lonely days
With their merry songs and their lively ways."
The little boy took the pipe and blew,—
See! a glorious bubble from it grew,—
And in it was Tom, who piped away
All of the tunes that he could play!
Then the fairy called, "Come, Tom my dear,
Come out of your bubble and join us here—
This boy is lonely—come sing and play;
It's time for me to be on my way."



The Song Tom Sang

TOM, TOM THE PIPER'S SON

Tom, Tom, was a piper's son,
He learn'd to play when he was young;
But the only tune that he could play,
Was "Over the hills and far away."

Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleased both the girls and boys;
They'd dance and skip while he did play,
"Over the hills and far away."

Tom with his pipe did play with such skill,
That those who heard him could never keep still;
As soon as he play'd they began for to dance;
Even pigs on their hind-legs would after him prance.

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Tom's song was sung and he turned to go—
But the little boy laughed and called, "Oh no!
I'll never permit you to go away—
Your bubble burst and you have to stay!"
Ho! ho! laughed Tom. "Why, I guess that's true,
And then there's nothing I'd rather do
Than stay and play till the day is done,
But a few more playmates would help the fun.
Here! take your pipe as the fairy told,—
But what old friend shall the bubble hold?
There are so many I'd like to see
It's hard to choose, but Oh! dear me!
You've no idea how eager I am
To hear from Mary and her pet lamb!"
So the little lad blew once more, and lo!
They saw Miss Mary before them grow.

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He met Old Dame Trot with a basket of eggs—
He used his pipe and she used her legs;
She danc'd about till her eggs were all broke.
She began for to fret, but he laugh'd at the joke.

And as Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Tom took out his pipe and began for to play;
So Doll and the cow they danc'd a lilt,
Till the pail fell down and the milk was all spilt.

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"Come join us, Mary, and sing a song—
You might as well bring your lamb along."
So out of her bubble came Mary then
And sang her famous old song again.

The Song Mary Sang

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow.
And ev'ry where that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule.
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

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Then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, "I'm not afraid—
You'll keep me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry;
"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.

And you each gentle animal
In confidence may bind,
And make them follow at your will,
If you are only kind.

11

The little boy clapped his hands in glee;
"Oh, that was a very fine song," cried he.
"It's really hard to believe, you know,
That I was lonesome awhile ago!
And now I've friends who will come to play
Or sing a song whenever I say.
Now Tom must pipe so we all may dance
Till even the lamb has had a chance."
But when the little boy looked around
At all the new playmates he had found,
He longed for others to join the throng
And add their treasures of dance and song.
"Another girl I should like to see
And Jill would be just the one," thought he.
So he seized his pipe and he blew until—
Lo! there in a bubble were Jack and Jill!

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"Come out of your bubble,
dear Jill and Jack!
But careful! Don't tumble
and break your back."
The pair stopped down
carefully, hand in hand,
And sang their song to the
merry band.

The Song They Sang

JACK AND JILL

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down, and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

Up Jack got, and home did trot,
As fast as he could caper;
Went to bed, to mend his head,
With vinegar and brown paper.

Jill came in and she did grin,
To see his paper plaister.
Mother, vex'd, did whip her next,
For causing Jack's disaster.

End of Book No. I

